

The Janesville Daily Gazette.

VOLUME 25

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JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1881.

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NUMBER 172

Republican Ticket.

For Governor—
JEREMIAH M. RUSK,
of Vernon.

For Lieutenant Governor—
SAM. S. FIFIELD,
of Ashland.

For Secretary of State—
ERNST G. TIMME,
of Kenosha.

For State Treasurer—
EDW'D C. McFETRIDGE,
of Dodge.

For Attorney General—
LEANDER F. FRISBY,
of Washington.

For State Supt. of Public Instruction—
ROBERT GRAHAM,
of Winnebago.

For Railway Commissioner—
NILS P. HAUGEN,
of Pierce.

For Commissioner of Insurance—
PHIL L. SPOONER,
of Dane.

Ex-President Hayes has a big Dakota farm near Bismarck, which he bought for \$3 and 75 cents per acre. It's was only three or four years ago. It is now worth \$15,000 per acre, and last summer he took \$15,000 worth of wheat from 500 acres.

Another report has been started that the whereabouts of Stewart's body is known. A detective claims to know all about it and has written to Mrs. Stewart and Judge Hilton, but they pay no attention to the detective's claim. They have been deceived so often by persons who seek to make money out of it, that they refuse to give such reports and demands any attention.

According to a dispatch to the Madison Democrat from Milwaukee, the Democratic programme is to nominate either J. H. Imbusch, a German banker, and an independent in politics; or J. F. Knockland. It has come to this that there is no prominent Democrat in the State who would make even a decent run against General Rusk. The Democrats know this, and are looking about for an "independent" who can catch votes from either side.

There are many speculations as to what course the Republicans and Democrats will take when the Senate meets in executive session on the 10th of October. The Democrats have the power to elect a President pro tem, and a secretary of the Senate and any other elective officer they want, and very likely they will take all they can get. But a dispatch from Cleveland seems to put a rosy view on the situation, and says there is a disposition among the leading members of both parties to be fair and pass the emergency without any more of a controversy than can be avoided. It is said the Democrats are willing to give the Republicans the President pro tem, if the Republicans will allow the offices of Secretary of the Senate and Sergeant-at-arms to remain in their hands. Whether this friendly arrangement will be agreed upon is not certain, but if it is not, the Democrats can go into a controversy and take possession of all the political levers there are about the Senate, and the Republicans can't help themselves. It is hoped that the dishonorable squabble of last spring will not be repeated at this particular time.

The selection of Mr. Edward Sanderson, of Milwaukee, as chairman of the Republican State committee will insure a well conducted and vigorous canvass this fall. For several years Mr. Sanderson has been prominently identified with politics in Milwaukee. He displayed a good deal of leadership when Mr. Carpenter was a candidate for United States Senator in 1875 and 1880. And when last winter he took a hand in the senatorial fight he threw all his influence and energy for Sawyer and Cameron. Mr. Sanderson is a very vigorous politician. He is a good Republican, a man of much personal strength, and is pretty thoroughly posted in State politics. That he will make an excellent chairman of the State committee is conceded by all who know Mr. Sanderson. He has great many popular qualities, and add to those his knowledge of the wants and needs of the Republican party of the State, and his energy and force of character, the party may depend upon the fact that the Republican campaign, so far as Mr. Sanderson is concerned, will be admirably managed. Mr. Robert H. Baker, of Racine, who desired to be relieved from the chairmanship of the committee, is on hold for the past two years, is entitled to the thanks of the Republicans of Wisconsin for the services he has rendered the party. He made an excellent chairman and in retiring from that responsible and arduous position, he carries with him the hearty thanks of the Republicans.

BED-BUGS, ROACHES.

Rats, mice, ants, flies, vermin, mosquitoes, insects, &c., cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15¢. boxes at druggists.

BRAIN AND NERVE.

Wells' Health Renewer, greatest remedy on earth for impotence, leanness, sexual debility, &c., \$1. at druggists. Depot, Prentiss & Evanson, Janesville.

Pell Dow.

Mr. Albert Anderson, York street, Buffalo, fell down stairs and severely bruised his knee. A few applications of Dr. Thomas' ELECTRIC OIL entirely cured him.

Sold by A. J. Roberts and Sherer, & Co.

IT IS FINISHED.

A Nation Bends in Funeral Service Over Its Dead.

The World Attends, a Generous Mourner and a Friend.

Description of the Magnificent Obsequies at Cleveland Yesterday.

Progress of the Gigantic Procession to the Cemetery.

Intervention, for an Hour and a Half, of a Furious Storm of Rain.

The Body Placed in a Temporary Receptacle Previous to Permanent Burial.

Nearly All Northern Ohio Departed in the General Hegira to Cleveland.

IT IS FINISHED.

The Vault at Lake View Cemetery, Cleveland—The Funeral Services at the Pavilion.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 23.—One week ago to-night the Recording Angel wrote under the long and honored record of James A. Garfield the legend, "It is finished." To-night his body was enclosed in the gothic van at Lake View cemetery. The star in heaven look down upon its temporary resting-places, while the waves of Lake Erie dash aginst the Ohio shore some two miles away. The sorrowful ceremony began at Long Branch and continued at Washington where were concluded to-day, where went throngs which no man could number paid their last tributes of honor and respect to his last precious memory. A few days more and the loved form will be interred in the now-made grave on the crest of the hill which commands a view of the waters of Lake Erie, and here in the days to come a loving people will rear his noble monument and write his epitaph. The day dawned cool and pleasant. Great masses of clouds covered the sky with white here and there a great patch of blue. As the hours wore on, however, the clouds swept away and the pitiless sun beat down upon the world beneath, while a breath of air stirred the draped flags which shadowed forth the feeling of unmixed grief. The streets resounded to the tread of unnumbered and innumerable thousands, while every moment brought with it thousands of others from all the points of the compass to swell the vast gathering of loving, sorrowful, and sympathetic humanity. The noise of drums, the quick word of command, the moving to and fro of uniformed men told the story of final preparations. The concentration of vast masses around Monument Park and the crowds of men, women and children, who lined both sides of Euclid avenue and the other streets along the route of the funeral pageant were eloquent of general sorrow, and the all-pervading sympathy which animated the hearts of a whole nation of mourners. While it would be impossible to accurately estimate the size of the throng which overwhelmed the Forest City and proved how inadequate were all her well-meant efforts to accommodate her guests, it is safe to say, on a rough guess, that there were hardly less here than a quarter of a million of people here, natives and outsiders.

Dissolution followed in the wake of the general descent upon the hotel's and restaurants, and even the private residences were drawn upon as they never had been before and possibly never will be again. The park was guarded by the raw militia boys, and the dense mass of humanity which lined it on every side were perfectly content to stand and gaze at it over blue uniforms and gleaming bayonets, which weaned off any attempt at a closer approach. As the hour for the funeral exercises at the pavilion drew near, the soft hands of attendants here and there added finishing touches to the already elaborate preparation, and everyone was soon in readiness for the earlier ceremonies of the day.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 23.—At a word from Dr. Blaine, who acted as the presiding director of the vocal societies, the fan "fair" began, "No! Thou art gone to the grave," we sang, set to the tune of one of Beethoven's sweetest sonatas. The strains of the orchestra mingled with the clear, sympathetic tones of the singers and the dying hymn, "How the tree 'tis the heart of a coming zephyr." The venerable Bishop Bell, whose life is like a benediction, arose with his bald head and long white hairs exposed to the sun's fierce rays, and in deeply solemn tones read the beautiful Epitaph, written in service. The Rev. Dr. R. C. Houghton lifted up his voice in prayer for the beloved family and the millions who had been born with them in affliction. The vocal society sang another appropriate selection, and the Rev. Dr. Everett, of Cincinnati, the head of what is perhaps the leading Christian church in this section of the country, preceded to deliver the formal address of the day. It was very long and very tedious, and much of it was so out of taste with what might have been expected on an occasion like this that it would have been better omitted. The vocal society again made the air melodious as they sang the air President Lincoln's favorite hymn, "How Reapers of Life's Harvest," and the exercises at the pavilion terminated with the closing prayer and benediction by the Rev. Charles S. Pomeroy. During the brief halt and the perfection of the preparations which followed, the United States Marine Band played "Never Fear God to Thee," and "The Sweet By and By."

THE PROCESSION.

The Procession Over Five Miles Long—Good Order.

CLEVELAND, O., September 23.—The scene is having been placed in the funeral car, the mourners re-rid from the pavilion and took their places in the carriages assigned to them. Mrs. Garfield, heavily veiled, entered the first one with the dead President's mother, and the boys, Harry, James, and Abram, Colonel Corbin, with Miss Mollie Garfield and young Irwin, entered the second. The relatives and friends came next, followed by the guard of honor, and the members of the cabinet, and their wives, ex-President and Mrs. Hayes, ex-Secretary Evans, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the members of the United States Senate and House of Representatives, the several State Executives, and the remaining occupants of the platform, together with the Society of the Army of the Custerland, the Mayors of cities, and the members of various Aldermanic bodies and numerous local committees.

The funeral train proceeded beyond the city-line on Superior street, and stopped until the first carriage started. It is the remaining carriage followed up, it continued its journey until it reached Euclid street, and the massive arch at that point. Turning into Euclid avenue, famous as perhaps the handsomest in the world, and decorated as it probably never will be again, with all the badges of mounting and insignia of grief, it joined in the procession of many organizations, Masonic bodies, and all the numerous city and other organizations, and slowly wound its way, to the sound of trumpets, to the cemetery, five miles away. Though the several divisions dropped rather promptly and gracefully into line, it soon became apparent that there was altogether too much of the procession, and yet not a few seances were crowded out, owing to the late and unexpected arrival, or lack with the cold consolation of being privileged to drop in at the rear, when it was morally impossible for them ever to reach the cemetery, if they stayed there until the head had arrived at Lake View, witnessed the obsequies, and should then be forced to turn round and come home. As a matter of fact the tail of the procession rested down twixt the head when the former, while the society and club which wanted to march had persisted in doing so, the procession would probably be moving yet.

The arrangements for keeping the crowd under proper subjection were simply admirable. The immature and youthful, swollen with pride at the dignity to which they had been so suddenly advanced, lined the avenue all the way to the cemetery and along the main avenue inside up to the very portals of the vault. It was a great day for the militia, and so did the crowds. The latter had their revenge later on, however, when the young warriors were disengaged with rain and looked less dignified than before.

AT THE VAULT.

Position of the Mourners—The Address by an Ex-Army Chaplain—Militia Hunters—The Crowd Dispersing.

CLEVELAND, O., September 23.—The pall-bearers alighted and took their position on either side of the carpet which led to the vault, while the two eldest sons of the dead President, Harry and James, joined those on the right in company with the inevitable and omnipresent Rockwell and Swann. Mrs. Garfield sat at her carriage window, her veil removed, and her fearless eyes revealing the mental struggle she was undergoing in her determination to bear up bravely under her load of grief. Ex-President Hayes, ex-Secretary Evans, with his old-fashioned shirt-front and a band around the neck which probably passed for a collar, and Sonora Sawyer, of Wisconsin, stood in front of and at the left of the entrance, sorrowfully observing the progress of the touching ceremonies. The body was borne down the black incline formed by a covered plank-way rested on covered trestles, and slowly carried by the faithful body-guard to the receptacles for the dead, while the Maine Band softly played "Never Fear God to Thee." The elderly Robison acted as master of ceremonies once more, and in his Angel Gabriel voice called upon the Rev. J. H. Jones, former chaplain of General Garfield's old regiment, for some remarks. The reverend person had not proceeded very far before it became perfectly apparent that while he might have made a very good chaplain in the army, his selection as the delivery of the final address at the grave was not only a misfortune, but something little short of an outrage on good taste, and a rude violation of the eternal fitness of things and the proprieties of an occasion so solemn and so august as this. Secretary Blaine joined the little company on the right of the entrance during the delivery of the address. A corrugated brow and a biting of the lips, especially when the ex-Chaplain alluded to the fact that the Secretary could not seem to convey information that there was at least one person on the ground who had no very excited idea of the reverend person's remarks.

E. A. Scratch, druggist, Ruthven, Ont., writes: "I have the greatest confidence in your BURNDY BLOOD BITTERS. In one case with which I am personally acquainted their success was almost incredible. One lady told me that half a bottle did her more good than hundreds of dollars' worth of medicine she had previously taken." Price, \$1.00, trial size 10 cents.

Sold by A. J. Roberts and Sherer & Co.

wending its way back to the city, the cabinet officers stopped at Euclid avenue station, where they took their special train back to Washington. Mrs. Garfield returning to the residence of Mrs. James Mason, where she will remain until tomorrow, when she will embark on the saddest journey of all, the trip to her once happy Mentor home.

The exodus from the city began about as soon as the obsequies were over, and the crowds could get down town. It is of course impossible to empty a city of such a gathering in a few hours, and the procession will go on all night, and probably during a large part of to-morrow, with regular and special trains running in every direction. Cleveland never saw so many people before, and until she gets a few more hotels worthy of the name is not likely to ever see so many again.

ONE PASSED IT ALONE.

I send you my testimonial in reference to Spring Blossom, having taken it for dyspepsia, and receiving almost immediate relief. I passed it to my neighbor, who is using it with some results.

Mrs. J. W. LEFFERT,

"Elmira, N. Y."

Price 50 cents, trial bottles 10 cents.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

FURNITURE!

Having, with the Janesville Furniture Company, purchased the entire retail stock of M. Hanson & Co., on the Race, together with the good will of said firm, we shall hereafter give our customers home made goods from their factory. Our stock is now immense and complete in every department. We are determined to give our customers better figures now than ever before. Thanking the public generally for their liberal patronage, and by fair and square dealing, we hope for a continuance and increase of the same.

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UNDERTAKING!

Every Facility for Preserving the Dead.—Sixteen Years Experience.

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Have just opened a new lot of

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GREAT BARGAINS!

At \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 each and upward.

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At 25¢ each and upward.

LADIES' MUSLIN DRAWERS,

THE GAZETTE.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY

ESTHETIC.

In a gurb that was pitiful of colors
She stood, with a dunt, listless air—
A creature of dumps and dolors.
But most undoubtly fair.

The folds of her garment fell round her,
Revealing the curves of each limb;
Well proportioned and graceful I found her,
Although quite alarmingly slim.

From the hem of her robe peeped one
small sandal.

"Here she was the down to her foot;
And though I could not understand it,
She said, I could see she was sweet.
Impressed by her limps and languor,
I proffered a smile at her hand;
She looked back a mild sort of anger—
Pased now, and continued to stand.

Some prascal next tried to mutter
Of the fact that she held to her face;
She said it was "utterly utter."
And waved it with languishing grace.

I then, in a sturr quite poote,
Begged her gaze on the bow in the sky.
She said, "It's our curve was 'esthetic.'
But the "tow" was too dreadfully high."

Her lovely face lit by the splendor
That shinned from her eyes,
Woke thoughts that were dimmest tender.
Did her thoughts, too, rest upon me?

"Oh, tell me!" I cried, grasping both her
"Have I in your mind a place?"
"Well yes," she said, over her shoulder;
"I was thinking nothing in space." —Ella Wheeler, in Scrivener.

MISS SPINNER'S DIARY.

JULY 13TH, 18—
"Come now, Sallie, set the day.
What's the use of fooling any longer?"
Deacon Scratcher ought to have had
better sense than to begin that old
song then, when my loveliest pit that I
had spent fifteen minutes in crimping
with the shoe-horn, had just turned
off the stove-hearth upside down
and killed itself.

"Deacon," said I, "you are several
shades worse than the seventeen-year
locusts. I wish you would walk out of
here."

"I won't," said he, "till I get an
answer. Will you please to decide?"

"Decide what?"

"Whether you'll be Mrs. Scratcher
or an old maid?"

"Verily, I will if you give me time."

"How much time do you want?"

"Only a few years."

"Why don't you say a couple of decades?"

You're thirty-six and I'm forty-six.

Ninety is a good age to get married at."

"Yes," I said, searching carefully in
the wood-box for the nutmegs (which
had fallen off the cupboard), "and you
do need a few years more at school if
you mean that for an arithmetical cal-
culation." It was bad of me to worry
him, but then it was baking-day, and I
think I got up wrong side out this
morning, too.

He jumped off the meal-chest, where
he had been doubled up like a Chinese
fan.

"I won't wait the twentieth part of a
minute longer," he vowed, and went
prancing round the kitchen in the
most tragic manner, and the worst pos-
sible temper.

"Oh, look out!" I squalled, "you've
got your big foot on my best crinkled
pie pan!"

He kicked it under the stove like a
savage, and then went dashing round
every way.

"Give me an answer," he kept roar-
ing, "an answer—an answer. I'll have
an answer!" and I had to fly about like
a top to get my pies and gingerbread
out of the way, for I had strung them
out on the floor all around the stove,
and he would have capered over them
rough-shod.

"Quit—quit," I cried, brandishing
the flour-scoop. "You great big jug-
german, if you don't quit capering, I'll
say thy after at your head. Give me a
day—no, give me two days, and I'll tell
you." Then he stopped.

"Is that the truth, solemn?" he
asked.

"That's the truth, solemn," I an-
swered.

So now here I've only got two days
to decide whether I'll stay Sallie Spin-
ner with no one to love, none to kindle
the fire for me, or be Mrs. Deacon
Scratcher, and have to iron shirts. Per-
haps I had better ask the advice of my
married friends and relatives.

July 14th. I got my first installmen-
t of advice without asking!

Being in a meditative frame of mind,
I had just kind of sliced things up,
swept the dust under the edge of the
zinc, and jammed all the papers and
such behind the door, and was rev-
eling in the society of my rocking-
chair and a green apple, when cousin
Juliana Fiske came over to borrow a
lemon.

"Well, I've got one somewhere," I
said, "if it isn't in the cupboard or my
work-basket, perhaps you'll find it in
an old trunk in the smoke-house."

"Mercy on us," said Juliana, "why
don't you be systematic?"

"System and Sallie Spinner don't
travel hand in hand through this wicked
world," said I, rocking away placidly.
Juliana is one of the fidgety kind.

"Can't you quit see-sawing a min-
ute?" she asked, squirming around un-
til she knocked the coffee-pot out of
the window, "what are you fooling away
your time for any way, when your work
is not half done?"

"I'm half done," I said, "and I'm
tired. My constitution is fragile and dif-
ficult to comprehend—"

"Shucks!" interrupted my imper-
tinent cousin, "it's pure laziness.
What ever you'll do won't—Sallie, let
me advise you never to get married.
Your fragile constitution would be
bound to get fractured if you had to
spend your days as the rest of us do
picking up hats, coats and boot-jacks
for a living, not to mention hunting
nails, strings and hammers, at all hours
of the day, turning the grindstone by
way of recreation, reading old dry mar-
ket reports at night, till you couldn't
see, sowing on buttons, darning
socks—"

"Enough!" I cried, "tell me no
more horrors!"

July 15th. More advice! I ran over
to Mrs. Drydix's to get a night-cap
pattern. She was cleaning house, had
all the chairs stacked up outside the
door, and she looked as if her last
friend was buried under them, as she
sat on the step clasping the dusting
brush with visible detection. Said I:

"What tower is fallen, what star is
set? What chief comes there?"

Eying me with dismal scorn, she in-
terrupted.

"Ain't nothin' fallen, as I know of,
nor set neither—only the old dominiken
himself."

"Why then this pathetic attitude,
Sallie," said she, "don't never get
married."

"That's so," sang out Mrs. Flitter,
who came hopping up on the porch
with her sunbonnet over one shoulder,
like a frisky grasshopper with a stiff
pink wing, to return Mrs. Drydix's

wash-board, "they're worser than tar-
raps, men are. They—"

"You don't begin to know 'em, Sallie," said Mrs. Drydix with greatly increased dejection, "they'll call you honey and everything nice now, but once you marry 'em—hit's a solemn fact, they won't eat cold greens for dinner of a cleaning-day!"

"You don't tell me their depravity
goes that far!" I gasped, dropping into a
bunch of burdock.

"Oh, that ain't nothing," said Mrs.
Flitter, "why they won't so much as
churn if they take a notion to plow or
anything—"

"Aeshilly now," Mrs. Drydix con-
tinued her grievances, "Robbit fur-
sed to-day 'cause I never cooked no dinner,
hit boin' cleanin' day he did so! I never
aggravated him a bit. I said, gentle
like, says I, 'you can have some cold
greens, Robbit, an' what you reckon
he said?"

"What—what?" I cried, thrilled
with horror.

"He said, 'Git out!'"

"Law sakes!" said Mrs. Flitter,

"why Sam, he went to town to day an'
forgot to git sody, when I told him partic-
ular, then 'lowed the corn pone
wasn't good. An' he rared like a old
priate father day 'cause I swapped off
his coat to the ragman for chiny mar-
tyr at a stake!"

"Well, I made a handsome black-
berry pie a Sunday, an' Robbit 'lowed
hit was sour enough to make a pig
squeal."

"Well, Sam—"

"Well, Robbit—"

"Dear me, I must go," said I, "or
I'll die of Sam and Robbit."

I saw the Deacon slowly approaching
my cottage. He looked sad poor fel-
low! Remorse touched me, notwithstanding
the fact that he belonged to the class who would not eat cold greens
of a cleaning-day. "I owe him some
reparation," I said to myself, "if only
for the names I have called him. I
cannot take every body's advice. So, I
think, I'll take the Deacon." —Demore's Magazine.

The Man on the Steeple.

The hundreds of people who have
watched the operations of the man upon
the towering steeple of the Third Street
Baptist Church painting the wooden
spire and arranging the weather-vane,
have expressed wonder as to the means
used to reach this lofty position. A re-
porter yesterday went up into the belfry
and interviewed the most experienced
steeple climber in the world, James
Ferguson. "Why, my dear boy," said he,
with an honesty of expression that
struck home at once, "I've spent many
years in the air up among those
rolling clouds. For eighteen years I
sailed the sea between the East Indies
and China before the mast, and afterward
occupied every station excepting that
of Captain. When I was sixteen
years of age I climbed a steeple in Glasgow
300 feet high in half an hour. The
same fast it took the noted Steeple Jack
three days to perform. I've been
mounting steeples for the past seven
years as a business. The last one I
went up previous to this was the Chapel
Street Presbyterian, in Albany, which
is three hundred feet in height. I
took down the weather-vane, in the
shape of a fish, which weighs 327
pounds, being of copper and loaded
with lead. It was the first time any one
had been up the steeple in thirty years.
The highest steeple I ever climbed went
up 370 feet. This was in Ayrshire, Scotland.
The general impression is that when on a steeple it is easier to look up than down. This is all a mistake.
When looking up an almost irresistible
feeling comes over you to jump
from your seat. I had experience of
this kind while on the steeple of Dr.
Darling's church in Albany. I gazed
steadily for a moment into space,
when, without any feeling of dizziness
or anything of that sort, I became al-
most beside myself and a kind of do-
mition came over me. I had to quit
right then and there, for a moment later
I would have sprung from my seat. I
can look steadily down and it does not
affect me. I seldom climb steeples in
cold weather. It's too confounded dan-
gerous, the sides being icy and slippery.
I was up a Hudson steeple last winter, as I nearly fell.
They tell me this here steeple

shakes when the wind blows. Do you
know, it's all the better for that. It
gives the iron rods on the inside play,
look out for those taut and apparently
solid steeples. They go sometimes with
a sudden crash. And, besides, I enjoy a
ride on a swaying steeple. It reminds
me of the days when I was at sea. Troy
looks immense from the top of that
spire. The people appear like mites,
while the sky bears the same aspect as
from the street. I never remember of
having felt dizzy when on a steeple. I
feel just as much to home away up there
where God's handiwork can be viewed
in all its beauty as on the ground. I've
got to, in fact, for if I didn't you'd
never catch me hundreds of feet
from good walking. That arrow on the
spire of the church I took down,
it is a good rubbing-pole has been pro-
vided, not a single insect will ever es-
cape to oviposit eggs in the backs of
other animals. I have often taken a
glover's needle (a needle having a tri-
angular point) and thrust the point
through the skin down into the grubs
or larva. The chrysalis or fly transformation
begins to emerge from the back of an
animal, it will be crushed. If cattle are
properly carded, every insect, as soon as
it thrusts its head above the surface
of the skin, will be lacerated by the
teeth of the card. As soon as the grub
or the parent insect has bored a pas-
sage up through the skin, the irritation
will prompt the animal to scratch
the irritated part of the body. Then,
if a good rubbing-pole has been pro-
vided, not a single insect will ever es-
cape to oviposit eggs in the backs of
other animals. I have often taken a
glove needle (a needle having a tri-
angular point) and thrust the point
through the skin down into the grubs
or larva. The chrysalis or fly transformation
begins to emerge from the back of an
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JANESVILLE BUSINESS DIRECTORY!

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Cigar Stock & Specialty. Pleasure Store Room.

• C. D. HOWARD.

JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
Dealer in Leaf Tobacco—Good Stock
of Old Tobacco Always on Hand
postpaid.

GENERAL BLACKSMITHING

H. W. HUNTHORN.

RIVER STREET, JAMESVILLE
General Blacksmith. Horse Shoeing & Special
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warranted. Prices as low as the lowest. Shop
River Street, or rear of First National Bank
postpaid.

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J. B. LAGRANGE

Would respectfully call attention to his extensive
Painting and Repairing of Stoves in the rear
of Hedge & Bushnell's shop, Main Street,
opposite to the first class Carriage and Automobile
Painting of a superior workmanship. Give him
a call. Janesville.

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(Successor to CHARL. F. PAYNE.)
Cor. Court and Main St. — Janesville, Wis.
Manufactured and dealer in Light and Heavy
Harness, Saddles, Collars, Brushes, Combs, etc., etc. Also a good assort-
ment of Trunks, Valises and Ladies' Sachets.
The best kind of Harness, Oils always on hand.
A large stock of Dusters, Nets, etc.

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EAST MILWAUKEE ST., JAMESVILLE
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A Large Stock of First Class Harnesses and Trunks
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(Next door to Hazel's Office.)

Gas, Steam and Water Pipe Fitting, Drains
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Rubber Hose, and all kinds of Fittings for Gas-
Steam and Water Works. All work in the above
done on reasonable terms. Aug 2davly

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C. W. JACKMAN, Proprietor.

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Myers New Barn.
Hearse and Carriages for Funerals
Specialty.

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HOLL M. KLEIN,

House, Sign & Ornamental Painters.
Painting, Graining, and Paper Hanging, Specialty.
Refers by permission to Messrs. Win-
ston, Davis, & Co., B. F. Crockett, Frank
Cook, Dr. G. H. Macomber, Dr. E. R. Wilson
& Co., Shop over Chas. Dutson's grocery, West
Milwaukee Street. Leave orders with E. V.
Whitton & Co.

H. H. BLANCHARD'S

aw Collection, Real Estate and Loan
Office.

regular Office Hours 9 A. M. to 12 M.; 7:30 P. M. to
10 o'clock P. M.

Wanted for collection all notes, bills, accounts
and judgments considered good, bad or indifferent,
and for whom payment is due. Payment in full
post due at his office, on Main Street, over
Smith & Son's Clothing Store, Janesville, Wis.
Any business intrusted to his care will
be promptly attended to and satisfaction guar-
anteed.

INSURANCE.

JOHN G. SAXE

Represents Sixteen of the Most Substantial Fire
Insurance Companies of Europe and the
United States.

Also Agent for the Motor and the Mutual
Protection Association of Wisconsin, the most
reliable Insurance Association in the West. Has
farms to Rock county and elsewhere to exchange
for city property, and money to loan.

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MRS. W. B. NADOLIER,
EAST MILWAUKEE ST., JAMESVILLE
(Opera House Block)
Manufacturer and Dealer in Ladies' Hair Net
and all Kinds of Human Hair Goods.

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COMPLEXIONS
POSSIBLE TO ALL.

What Nature denies to many
Art secures to all. Hagan's
Magnolia Balm dispels every
blemish, overcomes Redness,
Freckles, Sallowness, Rough-
ness, Tan, Eruptions and
Blotches, and removes all evi-
dences of heat and excitement.
The Magnolia Balm imparts
the most delicate and natural
complexional tints—no detection
being possible to the closest
observation.

Under these circumstances a
faulty complexion is little short
of a crime. Magnolia Balm
sold everywhere. Costs only
75 cents, with full directions.

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CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Thought Shaken in Every Joint.

And fit for fever and ague, on billion points
the system may yet be freed from the mis-
nignight with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

For those who are subject to frequent
antispasmodic, which gives them a
peculiar remedy for liver complaint, constipation,
dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism, kidney trouble
and other ailments.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers general-
ly.

Health is Wealth !

Dr. E. C. Wase's Nerve and Brain Treat-
ment, especially for Hysteria, Dizzies, Convul-
sions, Nervousness, Mental Depression,
Loss of Memory, Soothing and Restorative
Involuntary Emissions, Preventive Old Age
Treatment by oxygenating, self-lubrication or over-
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tuberous, anti-tuberculosis, hysteria, decay and
death. One box will cure you. The box
contains one month's treatment. One dol-
lar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by
mail, postpaid. Send us your name and address
and we will send the purchaser on
with each box. We guarantee the
treatment does not effect a cure. Complaints
treated by PRENTICE & EVERSON, Druggists
Janesville, Wis. Orders by mail will receive
our attention.

BLANK DEEDS and MORTGAGES

MAILED AT THE
Cassette Counting Room.

Stories of Amazons Farmers.

A man entered an agricultural war-
house the other day, and bought a rake,
a weeding hook, a lawn-mower, a scythe
and a plow. An improved harrow
struck his fancy, and he seemed dis-
posed to buy it; but a friend who was
with him persuaded him that the rake
would answer his purpose. After the
customer and his friend had gone out
to the merchant in agricultural imple-
ments said: "That young man has re-
cently bought a very pretty country
place in New Jersey. His land is a
quarter of an acre of sloping lawn."

"It is a puzzle to some folks," the
dealer went on, "how such stores as
this, situated remotely from the farm-
ing districts, do a profitable business,
especially since there are in all such dis-
tricts centers in which agricultural im-
plements are retailed to the farmers.
But if we depended on farmers for our
custom we would starve. I made my
first business venture with the late
Prof. Mapes, who was then interested
in the best-appointed agricultural im-
plement warehouse in the country, and
I cannot call to mind that we had
among our many customers a bona fide
farmer. We had plenty of market gar-
deners and lots of amateurs, but the
bulk of our trade was with gentlemen
who had places out of town, and the
men they had for labor-saving and
improved implements was astonishing;
They would call daily on their way
home to see if we had anything new,
and if we had they would buy it, even
if it was of no more use to them than a
trombone.

"The professor had among his friends
a large number of prominent actors,
many of whom were experimental
farmers. Among the most enthusiastic
were Burton, Blaik, J. W. Wallack,
Jefferson, Chanfrau, Adams and Harry
Plaist. They were as innocent as
children, and when one of them came
into the store he would act like a little
boy in a toy shop, and want to buy ev-
erything we had, from a sausago-stuffer
to a flour-mill. We were cautioned not
to sell them anything without submit-
ting it to the judgment of the professor.
Wallack was particularly insatiable when
his judgment was questioned. He
once threatened to throw us overboard
because we advised him against pur-
chasing an eight-horse power threshing
machine, which he could never, by any
possible chance have the slightest use
for."

"These actor farmers frequently
brought in samples of soil to be ana-
lyzed, and asked for advice as to the
kind of crops it was adapted to bear.
I remember Mr. Blake brought in a
very small sample one time, and the
professor asked him why he didn't bring
more. He replied that that was all he
could spare, and I believed him.

"One day when the salesmen were at
lunch and I was alone an old gentle-
man came in. He told me that the lot
back of his barn held moisture for
weeks after a rain, and asked me what
he had better do. I advised subsoiling,
and showed him plows for the pur-
pose. They were of various sizes, from
No. 6 to No. 8—from one-horse to
eight-oxyen. He said they were just
the thing, but we differed as to the
size. He insisted upon a No. 8, while
I positively argued that a No. 6 would
make the argument that one couldn't
have too much of a good thing. He
decided, however, on a No. 6, and then
told me that he had considerable diffi-
culty in having his grass sown evenly;
that in some places it would come out
in tufts, and in others would show bare
spots. I recommended a patent seed-
sower, and showed him how it worked.
His eyes sparkled with delight. He
told me to ship the plow, but the seed-
sower he would carry home, because,
he said, when its merits were fully ex-
plained there would be such a devil of
a run on them that they couldn't be had
anywhere for love or money."

"When the Professor returned and
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JANESVILLE, - - WISCONSIN.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27.

The circulation of THE GAZETTE is larger than
the combined circulation of any five newspapers
in Rock county.

TITLE CITY

NOTICES FOR THIS COLUMN WILL BE CHARGED
FOR TEN CENTS PER LINE, FIRST INJECTION
AND SIX CENTS FOR EACH SUBSEQUENT INSERTION
IN DAILY. DAILY AND WEEKLY TWENTY CENTS
FIRST, AND TWELVE CENTS EACH SUBSEQUENT IN-
SERTION.

You will find fresh burned lime at all
times, at the Chapin lime kiln, very
cheap.

One thousand tons Sugar Cane wanted. Kent's Syrup works are running day and night, crushing 30 tons of cane every 24 hours. Their capacity is such that growers can get their cane worked up immediately on its being delivered at the mill, thus saving the necessary loss caused by letting it dry for a number of days which in many cases causes them to lose half their crop of syrup. A load of cane which will yield from twelve to twenty gallons of syrup, if worked up immediately after cutting, will not yield more than six to ten gallons after laying it down.

Arrangements have been made for running a special train from here to the State Fair at Fond du Lac Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of next week, the train leaving here at 7 o'clock in the morning arriving at Fond du Lac at 11 o'clock, and returning to leave Fond du Lac at 6:30 p.m. and arrive here at 10:15 p.m. The Northwestern company has fixed its rates at \$4.10 for the round trip, the same to be sold Sept. 26th to 30th, and good until October 3d.

The Boston job lot store has the greatest variety and the greatest bargains in the city. Ready made clothing, hats, caps, boots and shoes up stairs. Call on us and you will save money at the old Centennial stand, Main street Janesville, Wis.

FOR RENT.—A new house, with seven rooms, No. 50 South Jackson street. There is a good barn on the premises. Rent twelve dollars a month. Address box 1415, Janesville.

WANTED.—A boy to learn the printing trade, at this office.

FOR SALE.—One of the best stocks of livery in the State. Inquire of C. W. JACKMAN, Myers House Livery, Janesville, Wis.

FOR SALE.—One of the celebrated Improved Howe sewing machines, new and in perfect running order, price low, at the GAZETTE counting room.

For sale at Gazette Counting Room at a bargain, a 10 inch Philadelphia Lawn Mower.

LOCAL MATTER.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Stationery.
For a good article of Writing Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Ink, &c., at reasonable prices, call at Sutherland's Bookstore. fobidawly

A Cough, Cold, or More Troubles should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROUBLES do not disorder the stomach like cough syrup and balsams, but act directly on the inflamed parts, allaying irritation, give relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Catarrh, and the Throat troubles which Singers and Public Speakers are subject to. For thirty years Brown's Bronchial Troches have been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. Having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Sold at 25¢ a box everywhere
mark'd tues-thur-fri-33c

MISCELLANEOUS

GRAND JEWELRY EXPOSITION!

Commencing Sept. 5th.

O. L. ROSENKRANS & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail

JEWELERS!

100 Wisconsin Street.

WIS.

Have the largest and best assortment of all kinds of

Elgin, Waltham,

Howard and Swiss

Watches, Diamonds, Sterling

Silver Ware,

(With or without Case.)

Rogers' Silver Plated Ware

ARTISTIC JEWELRY,

ONYX GOODS,

In the State. Goods especially adapted for Bridal and other Presents in great variety.

Diamonds set up and Jewelry made to order.

Special attention paid to adjusting the Watch-

case.

Investment Securities

Savings Banks, Insurance Companies, Trust

Funds, etc., are invited to cor-

respond with us regarding Bonds they may de-

sire to buy, sell or exchange.

Municipal Bonds, Water Works Com-

pany Bonds, and desirable Railroad

Bonds.

J. E. LEWIS & CO., Bankers,

74 Cedar St., New York.

JANESVILLE STEAM BOILER WORKS,

Corner of Franklin and Pleasant Streets.

JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN.

P. T. JOYCE

Practical Boiler Maker, is prepared to manu-

facture all kinds of Steam Boilers, Water, Gas,

Gas Oil, Gas, Sheet Iron Work, of every de-

scription. Special attention paid to Repair-

ing at reasonable rates.

P. T. JOYCE, Janesville, Wis.

TEARS AND TRIBUTES.

Janesville Joins with Other Cities in Giving Both.

Dirges, Drapings and Discourses Mark the Day of the President's Burial.

Solemn and Sad.

Yesterday afternoon this city gave formal expression to the grief which has shadowed all homes and saddened all hearts for days past, and most tribute was paid to the life and character of the chief magistrate, who has been so cruelly stricken down. In accordance with the recommendation of the Mayor, supplementing those of State and National officials, business was wholly suspended. Every store, every office, was closed, not merely in name, but in fact, and even the side door and back door trade, which marks not a few places on Sunday, was wholly done away with. All joined in the sad observance, and by half-past 1 o'clock, the hour for forming the procession, the sidewalks along the line of march were crowded with citizens from far and near, while the streets were filled with carriages, and with fragmentary portions of the forming line.

The formation was completed on West Milwaukee and Jackson streets, and the procession moved down Milwaukee street, turned on Main street, and ended at the Court house park. Few cities of the size of Janesville can present so varied and pleasing a display, made up of its own local organizations, and the procession yesterday was brilliant, notwithstanding its sadness, its badges of mourning, its dirgeful music, its slow step. Col. W. B. Britton, Surgeon George G. Chittenden, and Adjutant Newman, of the First Battalion, appeared in full uniform and mounted, and as another aide to Colonel Britton, who was Marshal of the day, appeared Capt. T. T. Croft, also mounted, and in his Knight of Pythias uniform. A platoon of the Sack company marched at the head of the procession. Then came the Bower City band, with twenty men in their bright uniform, playing a dirge. The Janesville Guards with slow, steady step, and the Bower City Rifles moving as one man came next. A noble band of veterans and soldiers of the late war headed by Major S. C. Cobb followed. Then came the Fire Department wearing too the badges of mourning, and with their colors draped. After these came the chaplain and speakers of the day, the city officials, members of the Board of Education and the city council, representatives of the Rock county bar and some of the committee of arrangements.

At the head of the second division was St. Patrick's Temperance band playing a dirge, and then came a large representation of the Knights Templar in their chivalric and ever attractive uniforms. A large body of Masons with regalia and the mysterious emblems of their order were next in the march. The Unformed Patriarchs came marching along in the form of a cross, attracting much attention, and serving as the head and front of a very large number of Odd Fellows in their usual regalia. The Concordia society with badges of mourning and draped colors marched next in line, and the Knights of Pythias with their bright plumes and gleaming swords relieving the sombre black. A band of school children followed, and citizens in carriages brought up the rear.

Throughout the line, amidst all the brilliant gleaming of blazoned weapons, and bright waving of plumes, appeared the emblems of sorrow, the muffled drums, the flags and colors in mourning, the badges of black and white—the arms reversed, the slow, sad music—all speaking the common grief.

Along the line of march the buildings were draped, many of the festoons and decorations which have been hanging for days, having been rearranged, and added to; so that the whole presented a sight which bespoke sorrow at every point.

At the Court house park, where the memorial services were to be held had been erected a dais whose foundation was hidden from view by the same mournful color, while above it appeared a canopy of black and white, resting upon pillars of the same. Shields of black and white marked the corners, and upon each of the four sides appeared a motto, those being, "The Nation Mourns." "God Reigns and the Government at Washington still lives." "Faithful Always." "This is a people worth dying for." On the front of this canopy appeared a picture of the lamented one, festooned bordered with the mourning colors.

Long before the procession reached this place, there was a large gathering of people in and about the park, and this was greatly swelled by the crowds who flock along with the procession, thus forming one of the largest assemblages ever seen here. The adjoining streets were filled with carriages, and yet there was amid all the crowding for desirable places to see and hear, subdued and awesome feeling manifest.

Dr. J. B. Whiting presided at the services, and after speaking tenderly and briefly of the sad occasion for this gathering, called upon the Bower City band for music. After an appropriate selection, well rendered, Rev. W. F. Brown, of the Presbyterian church, read beautifully choice passages of scripture, the first being the latter portion of the third chapter of Second Samuel beginning,—"David said to Joab, and to all the people that were with him, rend your clothes, and gird you with sack cloth, and mourn before Abner. And King David himself followed the bier." This selection was followed by one of the Psalms—"Lord thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations."

Rev. T. W. MacLean, of Trinity Episcopal church, then offered prayer, opening with the Lord's prayer, and followed by an appeal for help for those that mourned, and especially for the Presi-

deut's family. He prayed that sorrow might redound to the nation's good, and that the virtues of the dead might inspire the living to better, nobler thoughts and acts.

Rev. Dr. Hodge, of the Baptist church, was then introduced, and delivered a very clear, calm, elegant address. He opened with declaring "Know ye that a prince and a great man hath fallen in Israel." He pointed out the correspondence between the scenes of Jewish history, as touched upon in the scriptural selections read at the opening of the service, and the scene now presented in this nation. The life which had gone out here was not a remnant of a wasted life. A king to-day followed this bier, but the king who followed this bier was not one man, but fifty millions of self-rulers. The sorrow rested upon men of all political beliefs and religious creeds. The people had been brought face to face with some perplexing questions, and some of these the speaker hand-

led whatsoe'er it touched, but how could one so noble in life be more ennobled in death? The speaker ranked Webster in intellect with Webster, in oratory with Burke, in philanthropy with Howard. He was the friend of youth, the companion of manhood, the peer of heroes, and the leader of statesmen.

The noble parts of his character were graphically presented. His great heartiness did not permit of his cherishing a grudge. Malice, he knew not, and enmity could not long find a home between him and any human being. He was sensitive to a fault, and yet when suffering from some vicious fling, never retorted in kind. He never sought to rise by pulling others down, his impulse being to aid and build up, rather than tear down and destroy.

Mr. Williams gave a picture or two showing the great friendship existing between Garfield and Blaine, and paid the latter high tribute, saying, "Friends in life, their names shall not be separated in death; but shall be referred to again and again as furnishing the best type of representative Americans."

The speaker then sought to turn the thought toward the purposes of such a sad event. Such events had a language, not always understood at the time, but surely containing a truth which sooner or later must be apparent. No one now failed to see why John Brown was given to the halter, or Abraham Lincoln to the assassin's bullet. Lower depths of sentiment were sounded, deeper chords of sympathy touched, mightier forces involved, and public opinion was held more firmly to the high demands of the hour. Garfield's sufferings and death were not merely that a wretch like Guiteau might dangle at the end of a rope to satisfy the vengeance of the hour. "So sure as there is justice on earth, or a God in heaven, the wretch shall die! But will that give back the husband, the father, the son, the patriot, the President?"

Among the deeper lessons to be learned the speaker dwelt mainly upon the restriction of the press. He paid due to the journalists as a class, pronouncing them gentlemen of culture and character, but it was upon what he pronounced "the spawn of journalism" that he bore down. It was these who stabbed in the dark, who lurked in ambush, who hid behind anonymous titles, who breathed venom. It was from an atmosphere thus poisoned that the bullet of Guiteau came.

The press should be unshackled, but a public sentiment should be created which would demand that whoever attacks another personally in the public prints, should do it over his own signature. It was to be hoped that unless the shadow of this great calamity, the American press, which indeed held the destiny of the Republic in its keeping, would apply the corrective and shield our Presidents from death by assassination.

The speaker thus closed his address: To-day, amid sighs and tears and the trappings of woe, Ohio takes back to her soil the ashes of her lamented son. Her son, her worth her own; she receives him back the nation's, and the world's. There let him sleep on the green hillside selected by himself, in sight of the waters of the lake, and shaded by embowering trees. There let him rest; he, the martyr, and Cleveland the new made Mecca of patriotic devotion.

Sleep on dear Garfield. No friend of thine would ever call thee back, but bid the sleep in sweetest peace, while surging waters sing thy requiem, and the morning dawn proclaims thy immortal honor!

The benediction was then pronounced by Rev. Dr. Hodge, and as the band sent forth its music the great gathering slowly dispersed.

The committees having the arrangements in charge certainly planned wisely and executed faithfully, and the observance throughout was one worthy of the community, whose residents were thus gathered together to join in the expression of the common grief.

Howe Seats are guaranteed in every particular to be the best made. BORDER, SELZICK & CO., General Agents, Chicago, Ill.

BRIEFLETS.

County Clerk Morgan and wife have gone east on a trip.

A very fine stallion, belong to Guy Carter, was taken ill Saturday, and died quite suddenly.

Mr. Magner, of Horaceville, N. Y., who is largely interested there in manufacturing the Empire Cross Spring, is in the city.

"Well has it been said: 'The tears that are shed when the founders of the Republic die, give hope to the Republic itself shall be immortal.' Every great life laid in sacrifice on our country's altar should be held to increase our country's value. Our government was born amid mighty throes, and saved from disruption at the cost of precious lives, and still the roots of this tree of liberty have to be watered from time to time by the blood of patriots, in order that its leaf wither not, and its fruits fail not."

When the great preacher of Judean wilderness had been put to death by violence his disciples took up the body and buried it, and went and told Jesus. The American Christians to-day bury his murdered dead, and seek relief, not by revenge on the miscreant, who did the murder, but by humble prayer poured into the ear of his Lord, and by emulation of the great virtues of the fallen leader. Sleep, then in peace, precious soul! The resurrection cometh, and no assassin can snatch away the life everlasting."

The entire address was listened to closely and with evident interest and feeling, and at its finish one of the favorite hymns of President Garfield, "Neare My God to Thee," was sung by the audience. The band playing the air.

Dr. Whiting then introduced Congress man Charles G. Williams, who proceeded to pronounce an eloquent eulogy, in which he tenderly portrayed the virtues of the deceased, and graphically pictured the people's grief. It had been said that

it is to be given, is in the city, and the company is to gather here to open the season. The company is said to be a strong one, Fred Bryton being the star, and the support an excellent one.

—Next Thursday evening the Paine-Brocolini comic opera company is to appear at the opera house in "Fanquette." The sale of tickets at Prentiss & Evanson's has opened, and as there is no doubt as to the merit of the entertainment, there should be a ready sale.

—Rev. Mr. Pullan, the new rector of Christ church, has been sadly bereaved, his little girl aged about eighteen months, having died at Evansville Saturday where the family were visiting Mrs. Pullan's brother, Dr. Smith. The little one was buried at Evansville Sunday afternoon.

"Lin deer's Blood Searcher"—the great medicine for fever and ague, malaria, and all blood poison. Don't fail to use it.

THE METHODISTS.

The Appointments Made for Another Year of Labor—One Janesville Pastorate charged.

The Wisconsin Methodist conference ended at Whitewater yesterday afternoon and the appointments for another year were announced.

To the surprise of all, Rev. G. W. Wells, who has served so acceptably as pastor of the First Methodist church here, for the year past, was appointed to the First Methodist church of Oshkosh. The people here expected and wanted him to return, but the church authorities saw a work at Oshkosh which seemed to require just such a man, and so he was taken up and placed there. This will prove a cause of regret to the people here outside as well as inside of his own denomination, and the Oshkosh folk, when they learn by personal contact his real worth, will congratulate themselves more and more on having gained him.

Presiding Elder A. J. Mead was reappointed to the Janesville district, and Rev. O. A. Curtis continued in the pastorate of Court street church, both of which appointments are highly satisfactory to the people here.

Rev. D. J. Holmes, of Oshkosh, has been appointed pastor of the First Methodist church, as Mr. Wells' successor.

Rev. S. C. Thomas, of this city, has been appointed to East Troy and Mukwonago.

Rev. Stephen Smith, a former Janesville pastor, is appointed to Ripon.

Another one remembered well here is Rev. H. Stone Richardson, who is returned to Green Bay.